By CLINTON SCOLLARD. of "A Man at Arms," "The Ser

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CHAPTER I.

THE NE'ER-DO-WELL. powerful locomotive which drew the long freight-train came to a sudden stop. Something in the nature of a spasm, so human was it, communicated itself from car to car, and each in turn ceased to move The jar wakened Rossiter, outstretched upon the top of some boxes and bales, from a heavy sleep, and on opening his eyes and finding himself emcompassed by a breathless tropical blackness he did not for an instant realize where he was. He put out his hand and encountered the boards of the car-roof just above his head. Then he recalled his whereabouts. He was recking with have done. He had received too many sweat, for the atmosphere of the con- kicks and cuffs and oaths to heed

fined space was stifling. All day the pitiless September sun had blazed in a coppery heaven; all day the parched earth had given back to the sky the fumes of heat; and yet Rossiter had clung to his ovenlike retreat, in the first place because with every revolution of the wheels he was carried nearer to his destination, and in the second place because he could not easily descend from the train while it was in motion. Half a loaf of bread and a few dry cookies had served to quiet the gnawings of hunger, while two wizened lemons had in a measure allayed the pangs of thirst. But now he sought in vain for the last precious bit of fruit which he had intended to keep against this time of need. The jolting of the car had evidently caused his treasure to roll from the spot where he had placed it with such care. Uttering an exclamation of disappointment, he dragged himself a few feet and placed his lips to a crack in the side of the car, through which he drank eagerly great draughts of the partially cooled night air. As he was about to resume his former position he inhaled a heavy waft of engine smoke. The devil!" he ejaculated. "This

is more than I can stand!" He seized his little bundle of clothes and worked his way over the bales and boxes to the door. For a time he feared that he was hopelessly a prisoner, as the obstinate barrier to his escape would not budge. The perspiration streamed from his forehead into his eyes, and his hair was as wet as though he had soused his head in water. He had taken stock of the fastenings when he had stowed himself away at Clevalo, but he was discovering that an easy entrance into a freight car packed with merchandise that has space enough to shift slightly does not necessarily

mean an easy exit.
At length, after several sharp creaks of remonstrance, the door gaped sufficiently to allow him to was a brakeman.

"You damn tramp!" he shouted. to hurl a missile.

Rossiter ran, dodging as he went, but nothing save a harsh guffaw fol-

had a hunk of coal, ye'd have got it open space a trolley-car was putting

blim in the back!" Just then, with a long series of light beyond the tracks threw the into strong outline for a moment and his pose held Rossiter's attenspoiled by the onward movement of survey his surroundings. The sputtering electrics told him that he was the rumbling cars several large buildings loomed blackly. Behind him the ground sloped sharply to a stream, which he could not see on account of At his left was a bridge, and as he examined this, and the ugly frame structures which lined the street to-

"The deuce!" he exclaimed. "I won-

der if it is?" He wheeled to the right and regarded a long freight house and a tall pile capped by a huge sign, the letters upon which he vainly strove to distinguish. A puzzled expression crossed his face, and he waited impatiently for the caboose of the freight train to pass. At length the tracks were clear. A few rods away, on one side of a small square, the lights of a hotel twinkled through the branches of a row of elm trees. Directly opposite was a railway station, a short distance from which a freight and accommodation train was about pulling out.

"Illica, by Jove!" cried Rossiter. "Well, if this isn't curious!" and his mind went back a dozen years to the June day when he had last set foot in the quiet city on the banks of the Mohondaga. Then he was a thoughtless youth fresh from college, full of a youth's dreams, not without am bition-and now-well, his present status was not one to be contemplated with pride, nor did the vista down which he looked in retrospect afford him many gleams of satisfac tion. He was wont to tell himself at times that he had had hard luck, but when he faced the cold truth he knew in his innermost soul that luck had played no part whatever in his descent of the ladder of respectability. Never more clearly than at this moment, amid surroundings long ago familiar, did he realize what an otter wreck he had made of his life. But he put on the devil-may-care air he was at intervals accustomed to assume and slouched across the tracks in the direction of the station.

What hour can it be?" he mut-

fact that there are so few

There was a man standing in the open station door-way whom Rossiter took, from his dress, to be either a ticket agent or conductor. He had his watch in his hand.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me the time?" Rossiter asked.

The railroad man opened his lips as though he were about to enswer, but as he glanced at his questioner, stonishment seemed to choke his utterance. He looked Rossiter up and down, and finally let his eyes rest upon the vagrant's countenance, covered with a ten days' growth of beard, the forehead grimy and streaked with perspiration, the hair hanging in greasy elf-locks from be-

neath a torn cap.
"Well, if you ain't a beauty!" he evelaimed with an amused chuckle. Rossiter's hand went up to his face as he moved on. He searched his pockets for what served him as a handkerchief, pulled it out, and mopped his forehead, cheeks, and neck. Then he paused an instant and endeavored to smooth his hair a trifle, but without much success. The man's words had affected him more than such a speech would usually



WELL! IF YOU AIN'T A BEAUTY." them much, as a rule, but somehow the rebuff with which he had just met stung like a sharp blow upon an open wound. Heretofore he had associated with Illiea nothing but pleasant things. Whenever he had visited it formerly from the small own less than a dozen miles distant where he had passed his college days, he had always been treated with very marked favor. To Illica the students frequently sojourned for their half holidays. It was there they attended the theater, had their dinners, and sometimes joined in social his time at Monroe college, as the adjoining institution was called, no one visited Illica more frequently than as peacefully as though his bed were Rossiter. With plenty of money at his command, possessed of a bright manner and a ready wit, and being withal quite prominent as an athlete. he had once had a number of friends and many acquaintances in the staid

but pleasant inland city.

He supposed that he had buried shame; he had told himself that he squeeze his body through. He cast a had worn out regret; but both now glance up and down the adjoining rose to torment him. As he moved track and then leaped down. As his in the direction of the square, he freight car just in front of him he feet crunched upon the cinders some- passed one of the station windows could see the sunlight gleaming upon one sprang from the next car to the and glanced in. A clock high upon top of the one he had just quitted. It the wall informed him that it was broad day. Commonly, on awakening, quarter past eleven.

and raised his hand as though about last nickel," he said, moistening his ususual activity. Almost as soon as

parched lips with his tongue. lowed from the car-top.

"Sold. Johnny!" bellowed the a few men seated upon the hotel shelter. Crawling under the freight brakeman; "but I can tell ye if I'd steps, and at the upper end of the car, so that no one about the freight down a passenger, otherwise there was no indication of life. Rossiter jerks, the train started. An electric plunged a hand into one of his trousers pockets and drew forth four gesticulating figure on the car top coins, a five-cent piece and three pennies. He knew that it would be folly to attempt to enter the hotel, so he tion, but the effect was quickly started along the north side of the square in search of a saloon. He did the train. Rossiter now turned to not have to go far. A gayly illumined freight house stood, Rossiter noted, place, which went by the name of "The Keneseo," soon caught his eye. in a town of considerable size. Above Two men, whom he had not noted in his first survey of the square, were lounging upon opposite sides of the

"It that yer las' chaw o' terbaccer a white vapor which hung over it. ye've got in yer face, Bill?" demanded one of the other as Rossiter ap-

proached. The expression was not new to him. wards which it led, a sense of fa- He had heard it before among men miliarity gave him a swift thrill of of the class to which these loafers belonged, the class to whose level, or lower, he himself had sunk, but it now carried with it an unwonted reproach. It revealed to him with painful vividness his own position in the world, and he cursed the fate that had caused him to leave the freight train. Illica was potent in rousing the unwelcome spectre of the past, in stirring memories that he had fancied dead or so somnolent that they would never waken to plague him, in kindling longings that he had for

many a day resolutely banished. As Rossiter drew near, and it became evident that he was seeking the saloon, the two loungers stepped back to allow him to enter, scanning him toward the bar. With one hand he and Rossiter heard him cleaning tossed his little bundle of clothes stalls. Then he climbed to the loft upon the polished slab behind which, in trousers and gauze undershirt, a close-cropped, red-faced Irish-American was standing, and with the other cast down his last precious nickel.

"A glass of beer, for Heaven's sake!" said he. The saloon-keeper shot an amused glance at him, seized a beer mug, turned a spigot, held the mug up, eyeing its contents critically, blew off the foam, put it beneath

the tap again, and then placed it before Rossiter with a flourish. "Still hottern'n 'ell!" he remarked. Rossiter answered with a little nod of assent, and then gave himself over to the luxury of the beaded draught. No bottle of wine quaffed in his primrose days had ever afforded him quite the satisfaction he experienced from that plebeian beer. He put

the mug down with a sigh. "Have another?" asked the saloon

Bossiter smiled regretfully and

tered. "Rather late, I judge, by the | produced his three remaining penies, chinking them in his hand

"Guess not," he answered.
"Oh, well," said the man behind the bar good-naturedly, "I see you're ruther down on yer luck. I'll stan' treat. They's some crackers over there," he added, pointing to a nicked dish that stood upon a table on the opposite side of the room.

Rossiter helped himself to a generous handful, and, returning, took up his brimming mug that was awaiting

"Here's looking at you," he said. "My best thanks."

"Goin' hop-pickin', I suppose?" said the saloon-keeper a he tossed off his "pony."

"Hadn't thought of it," replied Rossiter, who now recalled that it was the season of the hop-harvest, when there was a large influx of people into Illica on their way to the hopfields, a dozen miles or so back among

"Thought likely ye were. They's a big crowd goin' this year. They say the crop's heavy."

An idea flashed into Rossiter's

"I wonder if I could get a chance to pick?" he queried.

"Gosh, yes!" said the saloon-keeper, "plenty o' chance if ye kept

Rossiter made some additional inquiries in regard to the matter of hop-picking, then, as the saloon-keeper suggested that he guessed he'd shut up, the vagrant took his bundle from the bar and sought the

"I might try it," he mused as he strolled aimlessly in the direction of the station. "I'll see how it strikes me in the morning."

Reaching the railway tracks, he halted for a moment in indecision. The station was closed, so it was useless to attempt to get an hour or two of rest upon one of the seats under the plea that he was waiting for a train. Turning to the left, he walked parallel with the tracks for more than thrice a score of paces, acy Pills." crossed a deserted street, and deseried directly in front of him a freight house, along all sides of side towards the railway some Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, freight cars were standing upon a N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price switch. He gained the platform and 50 cents per box began trying the doors of these cars. They were all securely fastened, however, so he slipped down between one of them and the platform, beneath which he groped his way till he found where some chips and sweepings had been thrown. Here he arranged his bundle for a pillow, stretched himself out, and was soon calmly slumbering. Night-long near him darkened express trains went rushing by or began to slacken speed with a hiss of steam and a grating functions. Among the young men of of wheels, but they disturbed him not, and when the breezeless dawn began to break he was still sleeping

one of luxury.

a hand-truck on the boards above his head. Through the open space between the ground and the floor of the the rails, and so knew that it was he was in no haste to be stirring, but on this occasion he displayed an ususual activity. Almost as soon as he realized that the wonted round of busy men had begun, he sat up, the station and stood in the full glore.

The was in no haste to be stirring, but on this occasion he displayed an ususual activity. Almost as soon as into which you have moved? Second Dame—"It's perfectly lovely. It don't know a soul within a mile."—N. Y. Weekly. he was in no haste to be stirring. the station and stood in the full glare shook the dirt from his bundle and house should see him and suspect him of mischief, he stepped off brisk-

ly rubbing the sleep from his eyes. The air was still fresh with the cool of the dawn, but the sun was peering blear and red through the haze that curtained the heavens, and there was every indication of another sweltering day. On glancing along the street upon which the not far distant, a large sign extending over the sidewalk. "Stabling" was the word which, years previous, had been traced upon it. As Rossiter drew near the sign he beheld a wide gate which gave entrance to a yard of considerable extent in the rear of a second or third-class hotel. Upon the yard a long shed opened and likewise a capacious barn. In the center of the barn door-way a hostler was leisurely grooming a

horse. Towards this man the grant advanced. . "Can I get a job?" asked he, as he came within speaking distance. "I'd be willing to work for a bit of break-

The hostler paused, currycomb in one hand, brush in the other. "Know anythin' about a hoss?" he demanded, surveying the applicant

with considerable doubt. "Yes," said Rossiter, "something. "Le's see." The vagabond dropped his bundle,

and the man relinquished currycomb and brush to him. "You'll do," he said presently, "I giss ye kin earn yer brekfust all with leering curiosity as he walked right enough." He moved away,

> and began pitching down hay. After a little he descended and soon appeared leading another horse. "That'll do fer the bay," he said "Try yer hand on this 'un."

[To Be Continued.]

Transportation Facilities.

Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, a journalist, and one of the wittiest men of the Jewish race in Germany, once criticized King Ludwig's verses so sharply that he was ordered, says Household Words, to quit Munich within 24 hours.

The court chamberlain waited upon the journalist with the king's command, and, having delivered it, considerately asked:

"Do you think that you coa get away in that time?"

"Yes, I think so," Saphir said, "but if my own legs can't take me quick enough, I'll borrow some of the su perfluous feet in his majesty's last volume of verse."

TWO SIGNALS.

There ar wo serious signals of The first signal comes from the back with numerous aches and pains. The second signal comes in the kidney secretions, the urine is thin and pale or too highly

colored and showing "brick-dust-like" deposit. Urination is infrequent, too frequent or excessive. You should heed these danger signals before chronic complications set in-Dia-betes, Dropsy, Bright's disease. Take Doan's Kidney Pills in time and the cure is simple.

J. F. Wainwright, of the firm of Bones & Wainwright, painters and Bones & Wainwright, painters and contractors, Pulaski, Va., says: "Four or five times a year for the past few years I have suffered with severe attacks of pain in my back, caused from kidney trouble. During these spells I was in such misery from the constant pain and aching that it was almost impossible for me to stoop or straighten, and it really seemed as if the whole small of my back had given away. At times I also had difficulty with the kidney secretions which were discolored, irregular and scalding, and I was also greatly distressed with headaches and dizziness. I used a number of recommended remetals. headaches and dizziness. I used a number of recommended reme-

dies but I never found anything so successful as Doan's Kidney Pills. When I heard of them I had an attack and procured a box of them. In few days the pain and lameness disappeared, the trouble with the kidcey secretions was corrected and my system was improved generally. The system was improved generally the state of a sea serpent.—St. system was improved generally. I have every confidence in Doan's Kid-

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Wainwright will be mailed to any part of which a platform extended. On the the United States on application.



The house that tells the truth. CHAPTER II.

ON THE BANKS OF THE MOHON-DAGA.

Ressiter's rest was broken the next morning by the rattle and creak of a hand-truck on the beards above his

Precious Girls. Beryl—Yes, I know the count is very sincere in his attentions to me. How can you say he is a triffer?

Sibyl—I know that he loves you, dear—and that is why I say he pays undue attention to triffes.—Baltimore Herald.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The fellow who sits down and waits for his rich relations to die must consider that they are worth their wait in gold.— Philadelphia Record.

#### Respectability is not conferred by wealth slone.—Chicago Journal.

#### THE MEN AND WOMEN

Who Enjoy the Choicest Products of the World's Commerce.

Knowledge of What Is Best More Important Than Wealth Without It.

It must be apparent to every one that qualities of the highest order are neces-sary to enable the best of the products of modern commerce to attain permanently to universal acceptance. However loudly heralded, they may not hope for world-wide preeminence unless they meet with the general approval, not of individuals only, but of the many who have the faculty of selecting, enjoying and learning the real worth of the choicest products. Their commendation, consequently, becomes important to others, since to meet the requirements of the well in-formed of all countries the method of manufacture must be of the most per-fect order and the combination the most t of its kind. The above is true not of food products only, but is especially applicable to medicinal agents and after nearly a quarter of a century of growth and general use the excellent remedy. Syrup of Figs, is everywhere accepted, throughout the world, as the best of family laxatives. Its quality is best of family laxatives. Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative and carmin-ative principles of plants known to act most beneficially on the system and pre-sented in the form of a pleasant and re-freshing liquid, but also to the method of manufacture of the California Fig or manufacture of the California Fig. Syrup Co., which ensures that uniformity and purity essential in a remedy intended for family use. Ask any physician who is well informed and he will answer at once that it is an excellent laxative. If at all eminent in his profession and has made a special study of laxatives and their effects upon the sys-tem he will tell you that it is the best of family laxatives, because it is simple and wholesome and cleanses and sweetens the system effectually, when a laxative is needed, without any unpleasant after-effects. Every well-informed drawgiet of resultable standing formed druggist of reputable standing knows that Syrup of Figs is an excelent laxative and is glad to sell it, at the regular price of fifty cents per bottle, because it gives general satisfaction, but one should remember that in order to get the beneficial effects of Syrup of Figs it is necessary to buy the genuine, which is sold in original packages only; the name of the remedy—Syrup of Figs and also the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package.

\*\*POR SALE BY ALL LEADING DEUGGISTS.\*\* PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.\*\* formed druggist of reputable standing

THE WINTER BUG'S REVENGE.

Retaliates Upon a Prying Entomole gist Who Pokes Into Its Family History.

An alarming state of affairs exists in Michigan town, where a scientist—and Michigan town, where a scientist—and an entomologist at that—has been bitten by a bug. If there is any one whom one would imagie a bug would respect it would be an entomologist, for he spends his life in the uplifting of the bug species; but is seems not, says the St. Paul Globe. This, however, was an exaggerated case, as the scientist in question went all the way to Michigan from Washington to study into the habits and haunts of the winter bug, and it was the winter bug that bit him. He was bitten on the chin and soon lapsed into a semi-conscious condition, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether he will ever be able again to engage in the pleasant occupation of chasing bugs. It was undobtedly a bug that was not inoculated with the modern spirit of scientific investigation that bit the professor; it resented anybody prying into its manner of living and desired no assistance until it was asked for. It can be fairly said that it was the very best bite of the winter bug, and it is to be hoped that the summer bug is of a kindlier nature and knows a little more about modern science as she is now worked. n town, where a scientist—and are ogist at that—has been bitten by about modern science as she is now worked.

Little, But Terrible.

It will astonish the victims of the grip o learn that the bacillus of that dread disease is only one-sixteen-thousandth of an inch in length and about one-eighty-thousandth of an inch in width. The gen-eral impression during the prevaling epi-demic has been that the bacillus must be

Preferred to Be Alive. Cholly—Charming widow, isn't she?
They say she is to marry again.
Algy—I wouldn't want to be a widow's second husband.
"Well, I'd rather be a widow's second husband than her first, doncherknow."—London Tit-Bits.

"What do you put on your face after shaving?" asked the man who smelled of bay rum. "Court plaster, usually," replied the nervous chap, gloomily,—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette,

### THE GENERAL MARKETS.

	Kansas City, April	16.
	CATTLE-Beef steers\$4 70 @ 5	50
ı	Native stockers 3 50 % 5	00
ı	Texas and Ind. steers., 3 60 67 4	
ŀ	HOGS 5 00 @ 7	35
k	SHEEP 5 10 6 5	50
ŀ	SHEEP 5 to 6 5 WHEAT-No. 2 hard 66447	68
ľ	No. 2 red	6814
	No. 2 red CORN—No. 2 mixed 36446	37
	OATS-No. 2 mixed 324/6	3314
	RYE-No. 2	44
	RYE-No. 2 FLOUR-Hard winter pat 3 25 & 3	50
	Soft winter patents 3 20 @ 3	
	HAY-Timothy 7 00 9112	50
	Prairie 4 50 6110	
	BRAN 19 @	65
	BUTTER-Fancy to extra 19 @	25
	EGGS	1134
	'HEESE-Full cream 13 @	1416
	POTATOES-Home grown 25 @	40
	ST. LOUIS.	
ž	CATTLE-Beef steers 3 50 @ 5	25
8	Texes steers 3 45 6c 4	
í	HOGS-Butchers 7 25 @ 7	
	SHEEP-Natives 5 00 or 6	
	FLOUR-Red winter pat 3 30 @ 3	
3		7114
	CORN-No. 2 40 @	11
¥	OATS-No. 2 23449	34
1	RYE	4716
J	RYE 21 @	28

DRY SALT MEATS ..... 9 874/610 25 BACON ...... 10 874/611 25 CHICAGO. WHEAT-No. 2 red ..... CORN-No. 2 ..... OATS-No. 2 ..... RYE-May .... PORK-May NEW YORK.

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for all kinds of wet work, it is often imitated but Made in black or yellow STICK TO THE and fully guaranteed by SIGN OF THE FISH. AND TOWER CO. TOWER CANADIAN INTER THE PROPERTY OF THE

A SOCIETY PAIL.

Mary Mad Her Notions About Appear ing Before Guests in Presentable Form.

Mary is an humble, but none the less indispensable, servitor in an uptown restaurant. In the small hours of the morning she comes in and cleans the woodwork and the bar floor, so that they will be presentable to the patrons of the next day. Recently she waited after her usual hours in the morning until the steward came in, relates the New York Times.

"Please, sir, may I speak to you?" she asked.

"What is it, Mary?" he said.

"I have a complaint to make," she continued. "It's about that Annie, who cleans up the place above. I had a nice pail, sir, a new one, and I put it in the cellar, and Annie's come along and took it."

"Well, you've got another one, haven't "Well, you've got another one, haven't you?" he asked.
"Yes, sir; but look at it. You wouldn't expect a lady to come up where there may be guests and have a pail like that, would you, sir?"
And, appreciating Mary's feelings, which were indicated by the tears that were glistening in her eyes, the steward said he wouldn't.

A Veteran's Story.

Bath, N. Y., April 13th.—The first consideration of the Commandant and Officers in the conduct of the Soldiers' and Sallors' Home here, is the health of the Veterans. Kidney Troubles are the most common cause of ailment, very few of the old men escaping these in some form or other. Of course the comrades do as much as possible for themselves and one of the most popular and useful remedies employed is Dodd's Kidney Pills which seem to be almost infallible in cases of Kidney derangements. Indeed, there are among the veterans, several who claim to owe their lives to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

For instance, A. E. Ayers, who came to the home from Minneapolis, Minn, was given up by four doctors in that city. He had Bright's Disease and never expected to live through it, but his life was saved and his health restored by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

His experience has made the remedy very popular among the men and no one who has used Dodd's Kidney Pills for any

very popular among the men and no one who has used Dodd's Kidney Pills for any Kidney Trouble has been disappointed.

of His Feed. "Can't I serve you some nice curried eggs this morning, sir?" asked the ob

equious waiter.
"Curried eggs?" repeated the guest
"What have I struck—a mare's nest?"—



St. Jacobs Oil

Sprains and Bruises

Price, 25c. and 50c.

00000000000000000000<u>0</u>0000 THE BEST POMMEL SLICKER HARRIS-GOAR MFG. CO., TOWER'S 650 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo. To Whom It May Concern: We have known and done business with the Har-is-ton Mg. Co. a long time and have entire con-tenge in both the financial stability of the company and in the honest and integrity of its management. Very train yours. President Traders Bank, Kansas City.

Mandragora Compositum Tablets
Preferable to Morphia, will PRONOUNCED PERFECTLY PURE and PAIN-LESS by PROMINENT PHYSICIANS

Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit

Amateur Art Association, tells

young women what to do to

avoid pain and suffering caused

"I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall

the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose for at that time my restora-

first dose, for at that time my restora-tion began. In six weeks I was a

tion began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."—Miss Guila Gannon, 350 Jones St., Detroit, Corresponding See'y Mich. Amateur Art Association.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

It is clearly shown in this young lady's letter that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will surely cure the sufferings of

women; and when one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only

one of hundreds which we have, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medi-

THE ONLY GUARANTEED KIDNEY

REMEDY.

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kind of drug used, how used, uge and physical
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condition.

Thousands cured. Send \$1.00 for sample and literature. Address in confidence Look flox 29, or TRI-ELIXIRIA REMEDY CO., No. 47 Popilar Street Memphis. Tenn. free to women

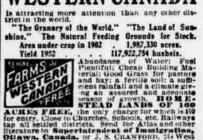


Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local freatment of female ills, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, masal catarrh, as a mouth wash, and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send to-day; a postal card will do.

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